LOT OF COMMON SENSE. Maving a Canary from a Cat-The Friendship of the Mt. Bernard and the Chame-leon-An All-night Watch Over His

Master's Dropped Pocketbook. From the Chicago Record . DULUTH, Minn., April 24.—There has neve

been a dog in this section of the country that for intelligence and almost human intuition could be compared with the big St. Bernard, Pedro, owned by D. J. Thompson of this city. If all the stories that have been told concerning this animal's sagacity are true, he could very easily secure a diploma at a high school, but even when the false is sifted from the true Pedro, who is nearly three feet high and weighs 159 pounds, has performed wonderful mental feats, which class him as one of the most remarkable dogs of recent times The doc's tastes are as peculiar as his mental development is wonderful. He has never been like other dogs. Almost from the time he was a pap-he is now 8 years old-Mr. Thompson says he has been of a meiancholy temperament, given to long and lonely musings and solitary rambles. For the companionship of his fellows he never had any predilection, and has only suffered the presence of other dogs with intelligent

Pedro was the only one of a fine litter of pupples saved," raid Mr. Thompson. "His mother died two days after he was born and he was placed under the care of a collie, which from the first showed such a dislike for him fancy he therefore never came in contact with other dogs, and this may account for his strange dislike towards others of his kind. He was hardly let out of the house until after he was a year old. He was then a big puppy and did not know his own strength. He got out of the yard one day and ran into the street. A shaggy our following a farmer's wagon snapped at him and bit off a piece of his ear. Pedro stood as if struck with amaze. It was practically the first dog he had ever come in contact with and he had never received anything but the kindest treatment. Even with his house training he has always been pensive and peculiar, due probably to his bringing up. But since the time that mongrel ran at and bit him he has never had any use for dogs. As he grew older and stronger he once or twice attacked passing dogs, but we cured him of that. Few dogs would care to attack him now, and he never makes any advances to bring about such an attack. He is allowed to go about the streets as he bleases, but his journeys are always solitary. When a visitor comes to the house and brings a fancy he therefore never came in contact with

any advances there is a warning showing of teeth and a low growl, and after that he is usually left alone."

Fedre early showed his peculiar temperament. Dignified even as a puppy, he allowed the house cat and her kittens to play with him, but his part was always passive. His disposition was of the kindeat, and house pets were never molested. Toward his master he showed an early attachment, but it was never manifested by barks and romes and waggings of the tail. A mute uplifting of the eyes, deep and expressive, and a blind obedience of orders when they were learned, served to illustrate the depth of his affection, which strengthened as he grew older. The dog's intelligence was first manifested when he was about 14 months old—an age when St. Bernards are usually big, homely masses of bones, and have room for but little other than mischief in their heads. The Thompsons always kept a canary bird in a cage in their sitting room, in which Pedro would lie for hours on a mat. One day the door of the cage was left open, and the canary escaping flew about the room. In the course of his flutterings the bird several times flew within a few inches of the day, but Pedro only winked lazily.

Not so a handsome Maitese cat that hind just crept into the room. At the first sight of the bird all the cat's savage instinct was aroused. The canary also appeared to have an inborn fear of the intruder which it had not felt toward the dog. It flew frantically about the room and became bewildered. The cat followed its movements with careful eyes and as the canary grew more frantic in its struggles to escape it made several springs which almost secured the covered springs wh

and as it was restored to its care Pedro looked on, wagging his tail and expressing every sign of appreciation of his act. Yet in a few days he and the cat were again on the best of terms. The big St. Bernard developed many peculiar habits as he grew older, but none more striking than was shown in an attachment conceived last summer. Early in May a friend of the Thompsons sent them a chameleon from Florida. It was a beautiful little animal, about seven inches long, exclusive of its tail, which was as much longer. It was of a bluish ash color, and at once began to thrive in this northern climate, the weather being of a genial warmth almost equal to that of its native clime.

The chameleon would sit for hours on the window sill, apparently dead as the sill it was sitting on, except for the occasional lightning-like flashes of its long tongue to absorb some insect that had approached too close for its own sefety.

sect that had approached too close for its own safety.

Pedro appeared to take a great deal of interest in the stranger. He would stand by the window where the chameleon lay and watch it for an hour at a time. Once or twice he put his cold nose against its body, only to jump back as the chameleon would make a hasty flurry to escape. But Pedro's intentions were of the best, and as the summer grew on, the chameleon appeared to understand that what it had taken for vora-clonaness was only curlosity, and it manifested

the summer grew on, the chameleon appeared to understand that what it had taken for voraciousness was only curlosity, and it manifested its friendliness in its own way.

During the hot summer days it was no unusual sight to see Pedro lying near the window, with the sun shining on his shaggy coat and the chameleon scampering over his hairy body. And during these little journeys over the body of its big friend the chameleon's searching tongue would be kept baty. Hy after fly would disappear down its voracious throat, and the dog would pant away with perfect enjoyment and apparent understanding of the trouble of which his little friend would rid him.

When cold weather set in the chameleon grew more sluggish and early in October died. For days after Pedro would walk to the familiar window sill and poke his nose over its surface, then turn around and look inquiringly at the members of the family. He kept this search up the greater part of the winter and it was early in the spring before he appeared to understand that the chameleon was gone.

Saturday night about three weeks ago Mr. Thompson made arrangements to take the 11 octobe train for St. Paul, Pedro was in the

Saturday hight about three weeks ago Mr. Thompson made arrangements to take the 11 o'clock train for St. Paul. Pedro was in the house early in the evening before Mr. Thompson left. The dog was frequently allowed to accompany his master to the city, and evidently thoughthe would be allowed to go on this occasion.

ion.

When Mr. Thompson started out, Pedro folowed him into the hall, and when the door was
pened darted out. Mr. Thompson started down
he walk, and at first did not notice that Pedro
was following him. He was several blocks from
its home when the patter of the dog's feet atracted his attention. was following him. He was several blocks from his home when the patter of the dug's feet attracted his attention.

"You'll have to go home, Pedro," said Mr. Thompson, turning around. "I'm going too far to take you with me to-night. Go back home, there's a good dog."

Ordinarily an order of this kind would be obeyed at once, but, to Mr. Thompson's surprise, the dog did not move.

"Pedro, go home at once!" cried Mr. Thompson, in a harsher tone.

After a moment's pause the dog turned around and slunk away in the direction of home. Mr. Thompson continued on his way to the railroad station, but had gone only a few blocks further when he heard a bark behind him. Looking around he saw Pedro but a short distance away. In reply to his commands to go home the dog would only bark. Mr. Thompson proceeded on his way a few feet when the dog began to bark again, and, turning a second time, Mr. Thompson son saw that he was still standing in the same place.

As Mr. Thompson turned around the dog beplace.

As Mr. Thompson turned around the dog becan to how! in a strange manner, but it was

He drew nearer, with the intention of picking it un, but, although Pedro knew him, he made a snap at Mardner's outstretched hand, which caused that gentleman to draw it back in haste. The result was that Mardner and one of the men remained on the scene until one of the family was summoned. Then Pedro relinquished his guardianship of the package and walked home peaceably enough.

"I think that was one of the most remarkable things that ever a dog did," said Mr. Thompson yesterday, in dwelling on the story. "It was 11 o'clock at night when that book dropped out of my pocket. The dog, I honestly believe, was on his way home when the book dropped, but in looking around saw it fall, and ran to the spot. When he barked it was to call my attention, and as I did not return he stayed there all night to guard that pocketbook. I have learned since that several people who knew me saw the dog standing there on their way home that night and thought he had suddenly gone mad, for he wouldn't let them pass on the walk. Two of them complained to me on my return from St. Paul the next day, but when I explained the reason for the dog's exclusiveness they lost sight of their complaint in admiration."

NO MONEY FOR "PUT'S" CAVE. The Legislature Wouldn't Give 82,500 Make a Little Park to Commemorate

Patnam's Famons Straggle with a She Wolf-But a Time Will Come. HARTFORD, April 22,-The Putnam "wolfden" bill, lately introduced into the Nutmeg General Assembly by Representative Earl War ner, acting in behalf of the Connecticut Daugh-

ters of the American Revolution, has been un eremoniously spurned by the skinflints of the Legislature; and it is now the deliberate conviction of the Daughters that the General Assembly has insulted them. The Daughters had taken no end of pains in

concecting that patriotic measure, and were in downright earnest about having ft passed. They had begged the legislators here to donate to them the beggarly sum of \$2,500, with which they enthusiastically promised to "fix up" the wild and rocky land about the wolf den in Pomfret, Windham county, northeastern Connecticut, in which "Old Put" (Gen. Israel Putnam), the biuff Connecticut soldier, had his extraordinary kirmish with a predator she wolf in the win-ter of 1739-40. They wanted to put things in ship-shape thereabouts, they pleaded, make a beautiful park of the savage region all about the illustrious cavern, clear away the underbrush there, lay out winding walks, and wall up and adorn a cooling spring near the cave-so, at least, the Daughters in a great and glowing mass meeting at Norwich some time ago declared through their orators.

It was high time, the four speechmakers elo-quently submitted, that the State of Connecticut did something tangible and substantial to prove that it valued and revered the memory of Old Put and other old-time patriots, so long unhon-ored, a memory which had shed so much heroic lustre and other things on the fair name of Nutmegland. Accordingly, with their bonnet strings temporarily at large—a mishap due to the fervid enthusiasm of the occasion-the Daughters passed a lot of resolutions, the upshot of which was the precipitation of Earl Warner's wolf-den

And what has been the outcome of so much the half-contemptuous rejection of their be-loved measure by a parsimonious General Assembly: and all because a paltry pecuniary con-sideration of \$2,500 was asked for to carry out their noble and grand and glorious design. The Daughters of the American Revolution won't forget this slight and insult soon, either. For they have said so. The General Assembly will hear from them again, sure and soon. The decisive hearing, in respect of the Putnam memorial, was had one day late last week, and then and there Earl Warner, who is a gallant and obliging, as well as most capable legislator and advocate, delivered an oration in behalf of the measure that was calculated to melt a heart of stone; but Connecticut hearts of stone; but Connecticut hearts of stone; but Connecticut hearts of stone; thas long been noted, particularly if embodied in Representatives at Hartford, are notoriously hard to melt and fuse. As far as heard from, not a legislative heart was so much as considerately thawed, to say nothing about its being melted, by Mr. Warner's pathetic and convincing plea. Indeed, some members even smiffed at his recital, and some smiled flippantly or disalinfully, while a few others rose in their seats and argued unfeelingly in opposition to it that the State is aiready ruinously in debt. They went on to proclaim that it not only has no ready money in its coffers, but that there are altogether more important objects to which public money must be applied; that Oid Put's celebrated and traditional exploit very likely might be a myth, after all; that the old cave or wolf den at Pomfret was not likely to be stolen or to get away from the State, at any rate not at present, and that the whole business of the park, bubbling spring, rustic walk, arboreal, fenced-in Pomfret memorial proposition bordered on the sentimental and emotional. Certainly they didn't believe it would pay to run the State \$2,500 in debt just to put a railing around a wildeat cave in northeastern Connecticut, and introduce a spigot into a spouting spring in the woods, and so on and so on.

And that sort of thing settled the whole matter of the Daughters' masteriy determination to be patriotic.

In vain Mr. Earl Warner, who had proved their noble and grand and glorious design. The Daughters of the American Revolution won't

ter of the Daughters' masterly determination to be patriotic.

In vain Mr. Earl Warner, who had proved dimself to be a doughty knight, worthy of the Daughters' confidence and favor, essayed to stem the antagonistic legislative onset; in the end he was disarrned, unhorsed, and ridden down by the skinflint squadron; and then the fee, sitting on him, formally recorded a vote, that is likely to be historic, in condemnation and derison of his project.

But there is bound to be a day of reckoning, and that day, it is not unlikely, will dawn just about the time when the Solans, having completed their work at the Capito, return to their homes and directly face the Daughters of the American Revolution, their wives, sisters, cousne, aunts, sweethearts, and own daughters of

ins, aunts, sweethearts, and own daughters of

NEW YORK AND L. I. C. SCHOOLBOYS Ripe for a Busy Season on Diamond, Track,

The ball players in the schools of the Long Island Interscholastic Athletic League are very active just now. They are playing a great deal more than the boys of this city, probably be cause the latter are more interested in track athletics. The Brooklyn boys have an extensive schedule to play out, and it will be some time yet before the winners can be picked with any degree of certainty. The Pratt Institute lads found that they could not get together a suitable team, and they have forfeited the games that they were scheduled to play. The Bryant & Stratton nine may be considered out of the race. as they have sustained no less than three de-feats within the last ten days. The "Poly Preps," Brooklyn High School, St. Paul's, Adelphi Academy, and Brooklyn Latin School teams have an equal chance to win the championship. These teams have been practising very hard. The Latin school team is in splendid condition. The championship was won last year by the Brooklyn High School, but the league deprived the High School of the honor, and gave the pennant to St. Paul's because High School played a boy who had his travelling expenses paid. The St. Paul's boys believe that they can win the pennant this year. Kid Carsey, Philadelphia League Club's pitcher, has been coaching the St. Paul's players this spring. COnly one member of the 1804 team has returned to the Brooklyn High School, and nearly

all the material that Capt. John B. Bunn has had to select a team from has been very raw. Bunn believes that he has a promising team, however. He and Manager Browning have trained the new lads in the old Thirteenth Regiment armory, and, since the nice weather, on the parade ground at Prospect Park. Manager Browning is one of the most energetic leaders in sports at the High School. He has prepared an excellent schedule

As Mr. Thompson turned around the dog began to how! In a strange manner, but it was getting late and nearly train time and Mr. Thompson decided to run chances of the dog's following him and hurried on down town. He turned around several times, but observed that the dog was standing on the same spot apparently from which his first bark had attracted Mr. Thompson's attention.

The next morning when Mr. Thompson woke up in St. Paul and took an inventory he noticed the loss of a package of valuable papers which he had in his pocket when he started from Duluth. A search through his clothing and satched revealed nothing. Nothing had been found on the train, and that was all that Mr. Thompson's walking to the city, when, about five blocks from his home, he saw two men apparently worrying a deg. They struck at the dog with a stick several time, and the dog would learn. "By Jove! that looks like" Thompson's dog, exclaimed Mr. Mardner, as he got nearer. He hurried on, and only a moment later saw that it was really Pedro, whom all the neighbors knew as well as they did their own children. The men were still threatening the dog, which stood its ground manfully.

"Here, what are you fellows doing?" cried Mr. Mardner, as he few closer to the scene.

"That dog's got a pocketbock here, "explained the men, and Mr. Mardner saw that Pedro was gruarifing a bulky package.

"Why, that's Thompson's book: I've seen it ados times," exclaimed Mardner is surprise.

FISHED IN THE STREETS. HARTFORD CITIZENS HAD SOME

FUN IN THE RECENT FLOOD. W. P. Smith Caught a Big Pike in His Back Yard and Had Enough to Send Some of the Fish to His Neighborn-In-eldents in the Great Rush of Waters,

HARTFORD, April 21.-In the phenomenal reshet of the past ten days, with a yellow flood roaring and curling about some of the principal business streets of the town, many Hartford citizens enjoyed the rare and novel sport of taking fish in their kitchen gardens, in city lots, and sometimes in the public highways. The handcomest catch, probably, was taken by W. E. Smith of Wethersfield avenue, who bagged a splendid seven-pound river pike in his back rard near a line of current bushes.

Although the place is a mile and a half from the river, ordinarily, still there was water nough there even for a craft of the pike's draught, since it was two feet deep; but what he big fellow lacked in Smith's kitchen garden was seaway. So he splashed about among the brush, tangled himself amid various garden impedimenta, and finally rolled over on his back in the muddy flood, gasping. Then Mr. Smith waded through his garden stuary to the side of the pike, suddenly flung his arms about him, and after a gallant finish fight bagged him. With the big fellow in his arms, gasping and spluttering and struggling like a wildcat, the fisherman, streaming with mud and water, dashed into his kitchen and planked his prey on its floor.

"There," said Smith, after he had regained breath enough. "Drat ye! Fight it out there now, if you want to." Yet Smith was not exactly angry, nor yet preisely pleased, all things considered. Many people in his neighborhood had "planked" pike

for dinner that day. On another day several Hartford people made large hauls of alewives in business thoroughlarge hauls of alewives in business thoroughfares of the town that are more than a mile
from the great river's bank, except in freshet
times. Smith, who took the big pike, took his
iishing net and dragged a street near his home
ail the forenoon one day, and made several large
hauls of alewives. At times the surface of the
swollen river, miles and miles wide, together
with the river side of the town and a score or
more of avenues, in all human probability, resembled the face of the planet
immediately after the Noah deluge broke loose,
All sorts of household goods and human belongings, little houses, pig pens, hen houses,
hay, logs, cribs, furniture, came streaming
along on the billowing torrent all the time, and
wreckers were out on the flood with a flotlila of
small boats, gathering what they might of the
flotsam as it was shot onward by the current,
Said one observer of the effect of the great
freshet himself a dweller by the river side;
"Unquestionably it was the severest freshet
since the extraordinary one of 1858. Hundreds
of dwellings were half filled with dirty water,
and for more than a week it was impossible to
reach them except by swimming or in boats, It
was certainly decidedly novel to see a fleet of
small boats plying through populous avenues,
ferrying people hither and thither, as if
with gondolas, to and from their homes.
And in what a terribly filthy condition
the houses are left by the receding waters!
With a cellar and every room of the first story
of dwellings saturated with river mud, the
premises cannot be cleaned except with great
toil and expense, while the probability is that
these drenched rooms will retain an unwholesome dampues far into the latter part of the
summer. It is likely there will be many deaths
directly on account of the after effects of the
inundation."

It is said that Col. Sam Holt once offered to
dyke the whole city front, just as the people of ares of the town that are more than a mile

summer. It is likely there will be many deaths directly on account of the after effects of the inundation."

It is said that Col. Sam Holt once offered to dyke the whoie city front, just as the people of Holland have done with their low-lying towns, at a cost of only \$80,000. It was only a day or two ago that the flood began to retire, and Commerce street is still navigable for rowboats and light-draught sloops.

There were many amusing incidents due to the overwhelming rise of water far to the north. In the midst of acres of debris that went rushing down the river half a mile from shore, one day a big fine coop sailed on, toppling, tumbling, and cavorting, and spectators along shore plainly discerned a handsome rooster and a pair of hens perched in the ark. The hens took things placially, cowering, but their proud mate, now and then, reared himself and crowed a charlon defiance to things in general. It was thought the birds had migrated from some hill town in vermont and were heading straight on to the sea. But twenty miles further down stream a sudden deflection of its current drove the floating coop ashore at Essex, and Boatman Edwin Beckwith captured the derelict in Ayer's Bay, a little below the river bamlet.

A provoking and bothersome incident it was that befell a woman who dwells in one of the short streets that enter Windsor street. Early one morning just before the torrent leaped upon the town she had hung out her week's wash in her back yard: an hour later she heard a rippling and swashing sound about her house. From her back yard: an hour later she heard a rippling and swashing sound about her house. From her back window she beheld her yard inundated, and the ilood, which had come a mile and a half across the great North Meadow, quickly encompassed her dwelling and went swelling down the avenue. In vain the woman sought to borrow or hire a boat, so all the week her wash finpped in the gale just above the vexatious flood, and she was powerless.

NEW ORLEANS CASKET GIRLS.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. Some of the 400 of the gay Crescent City of o-day can trace their descent backward to the time of the foundation of this colony, but that is a page perhaps that they wish to be skipped. Nearly a century and a half ago, when France sent over a number of broken-down officers and convict soldiers to colonize Louisiana, it was soon discovered that there was a scarcity of women. The soldiers made raids upon Indian

women. The soldiers made raids upon Indian williages and captured many dusky mates but they could not be domesticated, and, besides, numerous wars followed.

However, the wife of the Colonial Governor had an expedient. Why could not women from the reformatory institutions of Paris be shipped over to become wives for the soldiers? The soldiers would be none the wiser?

Some women who would trample upon the outcasts of their own sex do not hesitate to impose them upon men. Accordingly, as an experiment, two dozen girls from the reformatory prison La Salpétrière, Paris, were shipped to New Orleans, in charge of the matron of that institution, who vouched for the good character of each, and was charged with the duty of seeing them properly married. Their arrival created great excitement in this village of wooden shauties. The Governor received them in state, and they were escorted by troops to the Governor's mansion, where they became guests of the State. Each had a square box of clothing, and they were known afterward throughout the colony as "la filles de cassettes," or "the casket girls," as the box containing their new articles of clothing was in the shape of a casket.

The Governor distributed the prizes. He selected the most worthy of the soldiers, to whom he distributed the women by lottery. It is stated that there was some exchanging of brides, but, as a rule, the allotment of chance was ablied by.

brides but, as a rule, the allotment of chance was abided by.

In a few months, however, there was trouble. The "petticeat rrhellien" broke out, and the casket wives threatened to return to France if they were not given flour bread instead of corn bread. They held that they were entitled to as good fare as the officers' wives were. The locel poet did up the petticeat rebellion in humorous verse, the casket wives were given their rations of flour, and the rebellion ended; but it is not forgotten, even to this day, by the preservers of tradition in the old French quarter, who silence gossip by referring to the scandalizer as a descendant of in filled cassettes. Other shipments were made until finally the original casket girls, who had now become respectable, began to turn up their noses and object to the importation of "immoral women."

men."
Some of the leading citizens came to the colony under lettres de cachet, being exiled for political offences or crimes, and some of the high-strung dames—heither maid, wife, nor widow—who were exiled from France as no better than the casket girls, bacame leaders of society in the colony.

colony.

But the arrival of the émigrés during the French revolution revolutionized colonial society, from which date the blue-blooded creole aristocracy of to-day trace their ancestry.

Manon Lescaut, who lives in opera and drama, was one of the first listallment of female exiles, and an original casket girl. It will be recalled, however, that the wild Chevalier des Grieux, who accompanied her, claimed to be her husband, and she was not placed in the lottery. But later on, when they determined to marry, and told the Governor, the unprincipled Cadillac, of the deception, he decided that the beautiful Manon should be given to his nephew in marriage. This led to a moonlight duel with swords between the chevalier and the Governor's nephew, and the flight of the chevalier and Manon. When he was found, insensible from grief, by the side of her corpse, a wound was found upon her breast. Whether both attempted suicide or whether he killed her was never known. The military court acquitted him of the charge of murder, and afterward his father, Admiral des Grieux, who had been commanding a fleet in Cuban waters, took the wild chevaller back to France. The Abbé Provost sent a representative to New Orleans to gather material for his charming novel. There is a paintling in an art gallery showing Monsleur des Allards dictating the incidents in the life of Des Grieux and Manon Lescaut, and he has the only genuine picture in existence of the beautiful and fascinating Manon Lescaut. Her remains were buried in the old St. Louis cemetery, and until about a generation ago, there was an old tombstone beneat the shadows of a huge oak tree draped in graceful folds of sad colored gray moss, as if in mourning, upon which was seen "Manon." But the arrival of the émigrés during the

BESSEMER AND HIS PROCESS. John Bull's Mennness in Dealing with On of His Foremost Inventors.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.
The inventor of the celebrated "Bes process" is the most modest of men, shunning rather than courting observation. A few years since he was sometimes to be seen taking a "contitutional" in the neighborhood of his unpre tentious abode at Denmark Hill, in England. but the venerable gentleman with the benevo lent face, in the old-fashioned frock coat and voluminous, many-folded choker neck cloth, is now rarely seen even by his immediate neigh

The British public, the British Government and British manufacturers did their very best at one time to crush one of the most useful men ever born in Britain, and failed ignominiously. Sheffield laughed at him, and Woolwich gave him the official cold shoulder; but Sheffield and Woolwich would be crippled indeed at the present time were it not for "Bessemer steel." Yet, even now, although foreign potentates have showered crosses and stars upon him, the English Government has not conferred upon him any honor more important than an ordinary knighthood, and this in spite of the fact that he has created one of the largest and most important industries in the world.

Some fascinating calculations, made by Sir Henry himself, prove that one year's production of Bessemer steel might be represented by a solid column sixteen and a half times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and as thick through as an ordinary gasometer—about 100 feet.

Henry Bessemer, son of the late Mr. Anthony and British manufacturers did their very bes

height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and as thick through as an ordinary gasometer—about 100 feet.

Henry Bessemer, son of the late Mr. Anthony Bessemer, was born in Heritordshire in the year 1813. His earlier years were devoted to art, and we find that he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy at the age of 20. At this early age he had discovered a means by which impressions of the designs on coins, medals, and other reliefs could be reproduced in any numbers on cardboard. Some of his work in this line is still extant, and when specimens come into the market they bring high prices.

This led him indirectly to a more important invention. He discovered that the Government of the time was robbed to the tune of £100,000 per annum by unscrupulous persons, who were in the habit of removing the embossed duty stamps on legal and other documents, and using the same again. Young Bessemer invented the useful little contrivance by which the stamp is embossed on the paper or parchments, and using the same again. Young Bessemer thouse.

The potentate in question saw the advantage of this system at a glance, and soon afterward the authorities expressed their willingness to make use of it. A pretty little story is connected with this invention. When his model was completed, Bessemer showed it to the young lady to whom he was then engaged. Her first comment upon it showed that she was well fitted to become the wife of an inventor. She said:

"Yes, I understand this; but surely, if all stamps had a date put upon them, they could not at a future time be used again without detection."

This proved a very valuable suggestion, for Bessemer soon hit upon the idea of a steel die

stamps man a date put upon them, they content at a future time be used again without detection."

This proved a very valuable suggestion, for Bessemer soon hit upon the idea of a steel die with a space for a movable date, and in that form his invention was adopted by the authorities. Will it be credited that he never received a solitary farthing from the Government for his services or the use of his invention?

Such is, nevertheless, the fact, and when he hinted mildly at legal remedies he was told by the Solicitor to the Stamp Department that he was entitled to no compensation, insamuch as he had presented his invention to the Government gratis! This was at a time, too, when he was by no means well off, when, indeed, he lacked the necessary money to set up housekeeping with the clever young lady whose brilliant suggestion had resulted in a perfect stamping machine! He received many generous promises from various Ministers, of course; but one Government went out of power after another, and to this day he has never been compensated in any shape or form.

various Ministers, of course; but one Government went out of power after another, and to this day he has never been compensated in any shape or form.

A man of vast wealth now, Sir Henry Bessemer can afford to regard the troubles of that period of his life with comparative indifference—though he has since had more ample reason to cherish a dislike for all British Governments and politicians. But his disappointment in this instance taught him a very salutary lesson. When he made the great discovery of his life—that by which it is possible to convert pig from into steel by a simple and inexpensive process—he kept his discovery a secret. To some extent it is a secret to this day. The importance of the discovery can hardly be overestlanted.

Before the Hessemer process came into use steel could not be bought under £50 a ton, and its price prohibited its use in numberless departments of industry where it is now considered essential. At that time, too, only 51,000 tons of cast steel were produced in Sheffield in a year. In 1892 33,546 tons of steel were manufactured in the world every day according to the Bessemer process, the selling price per ton averaging £8 perhaps.

Everybody knows that steel is superseding from in all departments where toughness and durability are considerations. In the building of ships and bridges and in the making of girders for buildings, of locomotives, rails, steam boilers of all kinds, steel is now universally used. It is chiefly due so Sir Henry Bessemer that one is almost as safe on a modern ocean steamship as on land, and that the modern structure of steel is nearly as imperishable as the ancient Pyramids.

Such a discovery, it might be supposed, would be hailed with enthusiasm by those interested in the iron trade of Great Britain. Not a bit of it. Bessemer met with every possible discouragement. The steel manufacturers of Sheffield were dead-gainst him from the first, and the Government ignored him. One does not expect to find unusual enterprise in a governmental department, so it i

late Mr. Platt, M. P., head of the famous Oldham im, who gave him £50,000 for a fifth share in his patents.

On the Continent, too, his merits were immediately recognized. Kruppt, the great gun manufacturer, was one of the first to pay him royalty on his patents. The Emperor Napoleon evinced the keenest interest in his invention, and would have decorated Ressemer with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor if it had not been explained to him that British subjects were not allowed to receive decorations from foreign Governments except by special permission. The Emperor of Austria conferred upon him a knighthood of one of the most distinguished Austrian orders, and the iking of the Belgians, when he was in London, drove out to Denmark Hill to call upon him.

The British Government had to follow suit in some fashion, and a knighthood was conferred upon him in 1879. In 1880 he was presented with that highly prized distinction, the freedom of the city of London, "in recognition of his valuable discoveries, which have so largely benefited the iron industries of this country, and his scientific attainments, which are so well known throughout the world."

Americans have done their best to show their respect for this great man. In Indiana there is a flourishing young town called after him.

When the Gold Albert Medal of the Society of Arts was presented to him at Marlborough House by the Prince of Wales himself, Bessemer humorously confessed that, though he prized such distinctions, he was no less pleased with the £1,057,748 which he made by his patents.

prized such distinctions, he was no less pleased with the £1,057,748 which he made by his patents.

Bessemer recently recovered from a severe illness, and is at present, in his 83d year, buelly engaged in answoring the great mass of correspondence which accumulated during his illness. Doubtless a large proportion of this correspondence consists of begging letters. He is one of the most charitable men of the day, though he does not like it to be known, and many a large benefaction from him finds its way anonymously into the coffers of the hospitals and orphanages of London.

It is characteristic of the man that he should take a particular pleasure in his invention of a machine for the manufacture of nails, forthe simple reason that this invention relieves hundreds of young girls in what is known in England as the "Black Country" and Wolverhampton of the degrading toil of forging nails by hand. In filthy, recking dens these poor young things passed their lives in "unwomanly rags," engaged in unwomanly toil. But Bessemer has altered all that.

The Shocking Experience of Two Dogs.

From the Providence Journal.

A pair of dogs had a very unhappy ten minntes on Westminster street yesterday afternoon. It was after 4 o'clock when the first dog came rambling along, and a few minutes later the

It was after 4 o'clock when the first dog came rambling along, and a few minutes later the other dog appeared. They promptly struck up a friendship and went on an investigating tour in Indian file.

An innocent-appearing trolley pole stands on the sidewalk, and, though it was raining, the ground about this pole was dry when the dogs showed up. The first dog moved up to the pole and put his nose against it. Then he let out a series of howls and yells and proceeded to roll over on the ground, prefacing the proceeding by kicking the second dog in the eye. The latter animal seemed pained and surprised at this behavior, and he investigated by putting the end of his nose against the pole.

A number of people interied to the spot and listened to the canine duet, while dog No. 1 continued to roll around in wet places and dog No. 2 ran up and down with his nose against the flagstones. Somebody said the dogs had a pair of fits between them, but he didn't explain how one dog could catch a fit from the other. Still he ran for a pail of water.

Officer O'Brien came along, saw the dry place about the pole, and recognized that it was charged with electricity. He said the dogs were shocked, and the man who saw the first of it thought that that described the feelings of the second dog after the first dog had found out what was in the pole while the dogs were cleaning off the sidewalk with themselves the officer guarded the pole and warned away drivers of horses. He also notified the Union Railroad Company, and when the wagon came it was found that the insulation in the cap over the trolley was worn out, and the current had eccaped, charging the ground wires and the pole.

After this interesting fact was communicated to the dogs they slopped rolling and ran away.

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Between 5th & 6th Aves. LIVING FREIGHT BY EXPRESS.

The Companies Used to Take Children, but They Do It No Longer. The big express companies will take practically any freight that offers except explosives, such as gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and human beings. They carry many dead bodies: there South to this city that doesn't bring one of more daily; and formerly the express companies carried living people, but that was done nowadays in sending persons, usually children, from one point to another is to buy a ticket for them and put them in the care of the train conductor or of the conductor or porter of the

Pullman car. Children so shipped for long distances are sometimes tagged. When persons were carried by the express companies they were often tagged with the name and address,

were carried by the express companies they were carried by the express companies they were often tagged with the name and address, and they were always way billed like any freight. Conductors sometimes took them into passenger cars, but frequently they were carried with the other freight in the express car. The charges for this class of freight were double passenger rates, but this included food and care; whenever a train stopped at a meal station the express messenger always took his living freight to the restaurant with him.

In reality the number of persons carried in that manner was never very great, but there were enough of them so that every messenger of those days can recall runs that were made interesting by the presence of children carried as freight; perhaps a small boy sitting still and disconsiolate, or maybe a fleerful youngster who followed the messenger in his work, his putting off and taking on freight, checking up way bills, and so on, with lively interest; or it might have been a pretty little girl in whom the whole train crew became interested, so that in the course of the run all hands came to the express car to look at her.

Finally the railroad companies objected to the carrying of that class of freight in express cars; they thought that they should have the profits arising from the transportation of persons, and so came about the general observance of the custom of buying a ticket and sending the person in charge of the conductor. Application is still made, however, to express companies for the transportation of children by express.

But while the large express companies no longer carry living human beings, they will carry anything else alive. They carry many doys, and the number of dogs carried is constantly increasing. The rules of express companies require that dogs shall be boxed and made fast in the box with a chain; it often happens that dogs break their way out of boxes, and then the chain is of some use in holding them. Dogs are fed in transit if necessary. The express charges on

REETLES BY THE BUSHEL.

In Army of Bugs Attacks the Street Lights of Laucaster, Pa., About Midnight. LANCASTER, Pa., April 26.-The pavements of

this town early this morning were hidden in many places under masses of bugs bigger than the biggest locusts ever seen here. They swooped down upon Lancaster, literally by the million, during the night, and flying clouds of them filled the humid atmosphere. The electric street lights were the main point of attack, and their glitter brought destruction to the strange nocturnal visitors. The bugs would charge in nocturnal visitors. The bugs would charge in solid columns up against the arc lamps that swing in the middle of the streets or over the sidewalks, and down they would fall dead or disabled. They were gathered up by bushel under all of the hundreds of arc lights in various parts of the city this morning. The interiors of the globes were, in many instances, practically choke full of bugs. Under the gas lamps they were found in somewhat smaller quantities, dead or dying.

Examination showed that there were two kinds of bugs, but the ones more plentiful were black and green and much larger than the largest species of roaches. They have shellis like backs. The other kind were gray and several sizes larger.

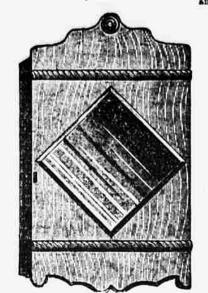
A local entomologist describes these midnight visitors as members of the family of water beetle. They come from the posds and marshy places, and about this time of the year they are on at move. The present visitation, however, is phenomenal. The bugs do not fly by day. In the ponds they hide in the deep mud.

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We have too many medium grade Mahogany and Guri Maple Suits, must move them. 9 Piece solid Mahogany Chamber Sult, very rich design, \$80.00; regular price \$125.00 \$80.00; " \$80.00; " \$80.00; " \$80.00; " \$72.00; " \$72.00; " \$105.00;



\$12.50, Worth \$25.00, White Enamel Chamber Suit, Brass Trimmings, including woven wire spring; bedstead any size.





75c., regular price \$2.00, large size Antiqu Tapestry or Leather, \$1.25; regular price \$3.00 \$1.00, Reduced from \$2.00, solid Oak Hanging Book Shelf.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS.

553 to 571 Fulton Street,

Albany and relating to New York city which does not invoke the interest of some politicians. It is still rarer that any bill is pending in Albany, relating to New York city, which is da interest to all politicians indiscriminately. A bill of the latter sort is the Burns bill (No. tive of the First district of Westchester county. The bill is a brief one, but sweeping in character, for it proposes a change which, if adopted. would recast all political lines. This is the sec-

tion:

The civil service rules and laws of this State shall not apply to such persons, residents of this State, who may now hold or who may hereafter apply for, any position or employment, the compensation of which does not exceed \$4 a day, in the public departments and upon all public works of the State of New York and of the several cities, counties, towns, and villages thoreof.

More than nine-tenths of the political offices in New York pay their incumbents less than \$4 a day, computing the full number of days in the calendar and not the political year. Where men are employed in city, State, or Federal departments "by the day," as the expression is, they are paid for the actual number of days, or

The Boxes Less Popular Than the Guides. man offered to tip his guide, an old sea dog.

10100

BROOKLYN FURNITURE COMPANY.

It is very rare that there is any bill pending in

partments "by the day," as the expression is, they are paid for the actual number of days, or half days, in which, lawfully, public business is done, Sundays being excluded. But, figuring the annual compensation on the day limit, \$1,460 would be paid as annual salary to a \$4-a-day man.

There are, relatively, few places in the service of the city which pay more than \$1,460 a year, except heads of departments. The average pay of a clerk in one of the city departments is about \$1,200. In the Street Cleaning Department, of 1,700 employees on the pay roll, only thirty-two get more than \$1,500 a year. In the Department of Charities and Correction the disparity is about the same, and in the Register's office, of 124 employees, only twenty-six, including the Register, get more than \$1,500 a year. Yet this is a city department in which, practically, there is no unskilled labor, the chief work being the transcribing of deeds and assignments.

The Burns bill proposes, in fact, s'suspension of the civil service laws in so far as they now relate to subordinate public places, Under its provisions heads of departments could make their own appointments, irrespective of any examination, and the interests of the Republicans hereabouts would no doubt be greatly boomed in consequence. As it is, the Civil Service Commissioners have been gradually but steadily encroaching on the "unclassified" list, so that very few places now remain in any municipal departments which are not within the civil service rules. These rules, the Republicans is their classifications, and have, as they express it, "overdone the reform business." Whether or not that be so, it is certainly a fact that the adoption as a law of the Burns bill would be a heavy blow at the civil service reformers, and would put back their labors for quite a term of years.

One objection which politicians generally have to the civil service regulations is that they really discriminate in favor of non-residents, while, at the same time, they put on terms of equality, as candidate

After having been shown through the grounds and buildings of Sailor's Snug Harbor a gentle-"I'm much obliged to you," said the latter,
"but I can't take anything. We guides used to
accept money from visitors and turn it over to
the general fund, but the managers were apparently suspicious of our honesty. Now we
can't take anything, and the visitor's attention
is attracted to contribution boxes placed about
the corridors of the buildings. As a result the
donations have fallen off 75 per cent., because
while the people are usually moved to reward a
polite guide they are not so ready to add to the
funds of a rich corporation. That's what comes
of being too suspicious and too greedy."

The old fellow accepted a cigar, however. "I'm much obliged to you," said the latter,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Two Luxuries for Which the Degenerate Red Men of the East Dig Sassafras Root. From the Buffalo Courier.

A few nights ago an Indian was brought into Police Station No. 1 on the usual charge, drunkenness. He had a pinched-up and wrinkled face; he lacked the litheness, the agility, and, in fact, all the poetic qualities of the Indian. On one arm he carried a basket which contained a few bundles of sassafras. This he good-naturedly distributed among the men in the station

house.
"What's your name?" asked the doorman.
"Name? Me got no name. You tink me fool, tell my name so be disgraced? Ughl" and the Indian shrugged his shoulders triumphattly.
"My name sassafras; no tain't, it John Jacobs."
"All right, John; how old are you?" asked the doorman.

doorman.
"Me? I never tried t' think. Guess 'bout hundred."
"Are you drunk, John?" asked a person standhundred."
"Are you drunk, John?" asked a person standing hear.
"No, me no drunk. Just drink one pint whiskey. That little no make Injun drunk."
This dialogue finished, a reserve man began to search the Indian. In one pocket was a sack of peanuts. In another coat pocket was a sack of peanuts. In another coat pocket was a sack of peanuts. In one trousers pocket was a half-fillet sack of peanuts and mne cents in small pieces. John must be a gornand in the peanut line, for in the other trousers pocket was a fourth sack of peanuts. Every one laughed when this was brought out, and the Indian, seeming surprised that he had such an enormous stock of the nuts, laughed as heartily as the others. It would be well-nigh impossible to enumerate all the trinkets that were secreted in John's numerous pockets. There were jack-knives, spectacles, and any quantity of triles, such as may be bought from the street peddlers. "Is that all you have in your pockets?" asked the policeman.
"Yes, that all; ain't that 'nough?" John bub-

such as may be bought from the street peddlers.

"Is that all you have in your pockets?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, that all; ain't that 'nough?" John bubbled out with a laugh. He thoughtlessiy opened his coat when he said this, and this brought to the eyes of the searcher the nozzle of a big whiskey bottle. This bottle the Indian had tried hard to keep from the view of the policeman, and perhaps he would have succeeded had he not gone too far in his efforts to convince him that he had got all that was in his pockets.

When the bottle was seen John was called back to the desk. He walked back reluctantly and said with a dogged air: "Don't you believe me?" He kept his right arm close to his side, and objected to allowing the policeman to go through his pockets again. The two struggied an instant, and then the bottle was brought forth all the onlookers laughed vehemently. John was much disappointed. He laughed, and then scowled, and finally ventured: "Firewater bad thing. Ought to be locked up. Put he in my cell. Him and me good friends; we won't fight."

Sentence on the Indian was suspended the following morning.

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